The lure

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The lure

by Raisedyoulikeaphoenix

Summary

A vampire named Will tells his life story to a reporter. Will describes his first kill and evolving relationships with Hannibal Lecter, his maker, and Abigail, their daughter. Unlike Abigail and Hannibal who revel in murderous bloodshed, Will is tormented by a moral dilemma—he believes it is wrong to kill, but he must kill to eat.

Notes

based off this tumblr post

I just saw the post and I HAD to write it, enjoy.

Prelude

It is a cold November night as Freddie Lounds descends upon the stairs, cursing beneath her breath her heels were physically killing her. But all in a day's work, she was on her way to Will Graham's apartment a strange man who sought her out, he had claimed he wanted to tell her a story larger than life itself- her tabloid newspaper and online blog was filled with everything from murderers to strange supernatural occurrences.

Vampires, were for one thing of fiction. She made sure that her phone was turned off at his request of the interview.

She wondered what she would even title the piece she wrote. *A day of a vampire*? No that was foolish, she had agreed to not publish the man's last name only his first. Which to Freddie wasn't that unusual.

She stopped for a moment, the man claimed that he was not a man but a *vampire*. He would not have anyone else on Freddie's newspaper do the interview only Freddie; it was her one shot exclusive. As she finally reached the top floor she walked more till she finally arrived at room 516, it reeked in the hallway of cheap alcohol, sweat and a unfamiliar scent she couldn't place.

Knocking on the door she expected nothing, perhaps a reporter from a viral paper was behind it the story of a vampire. She wrinkled her nose, the door was opened a crack before a man with dark chestnut hair with piercing blue eyes glanced at her. She stood back as the man opened the door wider, he wore a sweater jeans and on his feet were slippers, his glasses were perched on his head making the so called *vampire* looking nothing less than a ordinary librarian, he smiled slowly as she held onto her purse prepared with her laptop, voice recorder and a notebook. At the bottom was a can of mace, incase her little interview didn't go as planned.

"Would you like to come in? I prepare tea...you must be Miss Lounds, I'm Will Graham." He held out his hand to shake hers to Freddie the grip was cold to the touch as she pulled away entering the apartment that resembled nothing of a Count Dracula film.

It was open, the colours on the walls were bright inviting and the furniture was brand new to her eyes not a stain or crack on the carpet. It was perfect, she began to doubt the man was bound to hurt her. Will handed her a cup of tea from her experience it was the most pleasant home she had been in years.

"So Will, what made you want to do an interview? Was it the right timing or is it something else?" Freddie took a sip of her tea before Will sat down on a plush chair, Freddie sat in one across from him. The man's skin was pale, he had dark bruises beneath his eyes and although Freddie wasn't one to judge she wondered if the man was lonely, for a vampire anyway.

"Abigail always told me, I should tell the world my story. No one would ever believe it, yet in this decade with movies and books with myths about vampires and their flaws about loving humans or sparkling in the sun, it's laughable that such a tale is told and teenage girls

practically are set on the idea a vampire will love them." Will scoffs as he stares out into the night sky, Freddie realised she couldn't write any of this- she grabbed her tape recorder fumbling on the red record button.

"So Will, can I call you Will?"

"Yes."

"Do you go in the sun at all?"

"I used to not be able to, but now I can."

"Are you admitting you are a vampire, or is it for a publicity stunt?"

"Miss Lounds I hold no reason to lie, if you don't believe me- or my tale then stop this session walk out that door and forget about this ever happened." He says with a tight lipped smile he crosses his arms.

"No. I believe you. Even if I'm laughed at when I publish this, it will be worth it." Freddie pushed the recorder button again.

"Good, now Miss Lounds where should I start? My human memories are muddy, can't remember anything before I was changed. A few things I think I had a wife and a son, but they died of a horrible fever. I was soon to join them in the afterlife." Will says quietly, his face is focused on the pattern of the floor.

"Wait how old are you? You look not a day over thirty." Freddie asks, knowing she was already cringing at the answer.

"I am 200 years old I was changed in 1808, once you think about not that long ago." Will runs his fingers through his thick dark curls.

Freddie nods. "Can you start with the night everything changed for *you*, who changed you?"

Will smiled making his perfectly white teeth shine, "Hannibal Lecter. He changed me and nothing was ever the same."

Freddie feels a cold draft in the room, she shivers knowing her interview was just getting started.

"Go on Will- tell me."

Freddie wished she was writing this down, her lips trembled and she wasn't sure if it was from fear or if the room had become cold. She wasn't afraid of Will, she had guessed the man could control himself around humans, otherwise she would of been dinner for Will.

His diet wasn't something she wanted to know, but it was going to happen.

Will was a pleasant man and she couldn't imagine the harm he caused over the years, she wondered who Abigail was and if she was alive. Hannibal the way Will spoke his name

sounded like he was still alive, she hoped however their relationship worked that Freddie wasn't to be harmed.

Will closed his eyes for a moment he was no longer in present Baltimore, he was back in New Orleans and he was a man on a mission a man distraught by his family's early deaths.

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"Sorry I can't give you anymore- if I do I'll be shut down." The barkeeper handed Will back his money, who crumbled it before shoving it into his jacket.

Will shot off the barstool as he felt dizzy from the amount of alcohol in his bloodstream it wasn't enough to forget Molly and Ben, he could still see their corpses as they were lowered into the family crypt- he couldn't understand why he couldn't of joined them- he could feel almost every pair of eyes on him in the bar.

"Go home Will, drinking yourself to death is no way to grieve over your wife and son, I'm sorry again." The barkeeper offered his sympathy, none that Will wanted.

He didn't want to go back to the empty home sit in the darkness as Will fought himself to commit suicide or to suffer daily from his isolation he no longer connected with the world it was to Will a cruel place that took the innocent and let the guilty sinners live on. His family was gone, and Will was alone in this world to die alone.

"I'll see them soon." Will mutters almost to himself, he opened the front door to reveal a rainstorm was upon New Orleans, normally Will would of stuck around played a game of cards and wait the weather out, instead Will walked straight into it.

He didn't care if the heavens theirselves fell out of the sky, he walked towards the pier staring into the void of the dark ocean. He found his wedding ring, in a bound of frustration he tossed it into the ocean, as he started to sob he turned to see a man was approaching him slowly making Will feel uneasily. He had no where else to go backing up he realised only the pier was his hope.

Not much of a swimmer Will fell into the water, with his clothes weighing him down he felt himself sinking. He felt relief as he fell deeper into the bottomless bliss, the darkness took him in and then nothing Will felt nothing.

Then he could feel an arm dragging him up to the surface, he felt his eyes open wide, it was impossible for anyone to rescue him, couldn't he be left alone to die finally. His head was brought above the surface he gasped finding air his eyes were blurry unable to focus.

"Stay awake." The smooth voice commanded him, he was dragged onto the shore as he coughed and hacked he felt tired and foolish, he opened his mouth to thank whoever saved him.

"Thank you, who are you anyway?" Will craned his neck to see a man that in the dark moonlight had eyes that were hazel, he could see his dark blonde hair and he was not a poor

man his clothing was rich and drenched in water, but the man didn't complain instead he caressed Will's face until he found his neck.

"Why did you run William? You almost died." The man spoke, and Will questioned how he knew his name.

"I slipped. A drunken slip." Will coughed again, his head ached.

"You are beautiful, you shouldn't go to waste..." The man trailed off, "I'm Hannibal Lecter."

Will shivered, he could of sworn the man told him that he was beautiful.

"Hannibal? You saved my life." Will says hoarsely, "how can I repay you?"

Hannibal leaned in close enough until his scent was intoxicating enough to Will, he could feel Hannibal's hand wrapped around his throat, until he pushed it back exposing his perfectly pale throat, Will shallows hard. Wondering what Hannibal would do.

"This will hurt but only for a moment, then after that William...I'll have you return the favour." Hannibal explains gently, before Will can even ask again he feels a sharp crippling pain in his neck, it feels to Will almost a knife is piercing his skin, only it's hot venom takes him by surprise- the pain makes Will wish death upon himself to be free, he cries out in pain hearing the crackle of thunder and lighting rip across the sky.

No one could hear Will, he felt his blood burning inside of him, everything was changing inside it felt like acid ripping him apart.

His throat was on fire, his mouth was dry as a desert. He ached for something but he couldn't bring himself of the name.

Hannibal removed his mouth which was covered in a sticky dark substance, he cocked his head back as he rolled up his sleeve taking a fingernail he slit open his wrist holding it against Will's mouth, who felt the sweet relief he was looking for.

"Drink my blood William, so you won't die." Hannibal coaxed him into doing so.

Will took the man's wrist as he drank it was richer than any wine he ever tasted, better in every way. He knew he had to stop so he let go feeling his throat on fire again, he blinked as feeling returned to his body, he saw Hannibal who helped him up to his feet.

"Now William, what you are now is something many would exchange anything for, you are stronger than a mere human you are *immortal.* You shall never die, I am your creator." Hannibal's smooth silk voice was musical to Will's ears, who nodded.

"What am I, what did you do?"

Hannibal places his hand around Will's face caressing him again, "a *vampire* a creature of the night."

Hannibal parted his lips as he kissed Will softly who was still as stone, it took him a moment until he realised that Hannibal had marked him as his own. "I have waited for you William...for quite sometime."

Will felt the wound on his neck was gone he remembered in fairy tales that vampires healed quickly, he wiped his mouth with his sleeve.

"Now how do I return the favour?"

"I'll show you William." Hannibal took his hand which to Will was cold as ice, he followed Hannibal and many decades after that into the night.

First kill

Chapter Notes

> Sorry for the lame chapter i promise the next one will be larger and ill give a whole hannibal and will chapter. With more details, i just got over a huge fever and hospital stays so enjoy. *please note it's been ages since I've seen the movie.*

"Time for a break?" Freddie raised her head up slightly, she was nearly asleep her tape recorder was full and she needed to switch it out for a new tape, Will smiled gently as he handed her a new cup of tea, she held it to her nose realising it was coffee. She wondered how long she had been out.

"No no, that was highly unprofessional of me. Just a bit tired, don't mind me." Freddie cocks her head as she removes the tape placing a new one in, she has half a dozen and wondered how much more Will's tale would take.

"So you left the bar with Hannibal, what happened next?" Freddie asks gently, her stomach curled at the idea of Will admitting he was a vampire.

"That night, seemed to last forever. Hannibal showed me things no human would ever see the likes of, I had a darkness inside me..perhaps that is why he picked me- he could see it rising boiling over. My family's death's had something to do with it triggering me." Will said flatly, in the next room a grandfather clock chimed ten times it was still early.

"Talk Will, tell me about your first kill." Freddie says dryly, her heart was beating quickly, as Will closed his eyes, she made a mental note that only when he shut his eyes he could go back.

The new tape was ready and recording, Freddie sat still listening.

"I was reborn, into darkness. I was taken away from the sunlight- the things that no longer mattered. Darkness was the only way I could see." Will could see Hannibal's body again, standing beside him in his home. Time had unregulated itself again.

"And darkness was truly the only thing I loved."

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Will felt odd as he awoke the next day, his mind was filled with images things he had done but couldn't get a grip on. His throat ached he felt patched as if he only drank the sand of beaches and nothing more. His body throbbed with pain, he opened his eyes to see the strange man from the night before, he wore a thin smile upon his face.

Will realised that he was back in his old bedroom, one he had not dared to sleep in since the death of Molly, he could still make out her scent that lingered in the air, soft and honey milk, he fought back tears as he sought out the man.

Hannibal.

"Good. You're awake, now William you are still experiencing some pain but it shall disappear after a good meal." Hannibal sat down on the edge of the bed, "or do you prefer Will?"

Will shook his head in disbelief, "How did I get here- to *my house*?" Will couldn't remember coming here, he could make out a few short memories of him almost drowning, another being kissed while he could feel his lips tingle, beneath them he felt his canines twitch, he saw with horror that his aching teeth were sharp to the touch, as sharp as a razor.

"Your old human scent." Hannibal reinsures Will quickly, he kept his eyes on the canopy that hung over Will's bed.

"Are you sure about that?"

Hannibal nods his head, "likewise I figure you would be hungry- perhaps we should go down into the kitchen? Your servants have been very gracious well *one* has been, she's the only one left." His lips curled in a menacing smile, "come now William."

Will quickly got dressed, not batting an eye even while Hannibal stood watching over him.

It was evening, the sun was setting behind the big great sky. Will thought to himself

It felt like a security something Will hadn't felt in a long time- he tried to present himself as elegant and graceful as the man before him, in the dim lighting Will could see the man held godlike features. His tan skin held a pale binge his eyes were a dark brown if he looked correctly they were almost a blood colour, his hair was slick pulled away from his face, his smile sent chills down his spine.

Will nods his body feels like lead but he follows anyway, he can smell things better now. He could smell roasted chicken, the scent of wine, deserts and lamb. As he descends down the stairs in the candle lighting he can see his one faithful servant Beverly who was placing silverware down for Will and Hannibal.

The dinning room felt empty and a feast that was enormous enough for a whole army, he didn't feel hungry at the sight of it. Only thirster than before, he could feel the fire again roar to life.

She smiled warily at the two men before retreating back into the kitchen. Will sat down taking a glass of wine, he sipped finding no pressure in it. The food itself seemed repulsing, Hannibal mused himself by helping himself to a glass of wine.

"Is everything alright Mr. Graham, I know you haven't felt well since the deaths of Molly and Ben...and drinking yourself to death, I'm blessed that you Will are still alive." Beverly moved in next to Will as she sat down a platter of stewed peas, Will's eyes focused on her wrist,

suddenly all the noise in the room was dialled to a zero, Will reached grabbing her wrist he held it tightly as he could barely make out her small whimpers of pain.

"Mr. Graham...please you are hurting me." She howled in pain as she broke his grip, she held her wrist against her chest seeing that it was already bruised.

Her scent seemed to ignite the flames again inside Will, he studied the veins in her throat her pale skin showed the outlines of her throat, he held a desire to rip her throat open to taste the sickly sweetness of her blood. It was maddening to Will.

"I'm sorry Beverly. That- I lost myself for a moment." Will apologised as she ran into the kitchen.

"You have to kill her you do realise that?" Hannibal says quietly almost too low for Will to hear.

"What, I'm not killing her." Will whispered angrily.

"Her blood, it Will make you feel whole- if you don't kill her you shall become weak. Blood is what makes us live."

"To take a human life, one that is full of promise..how could I live with myself?" Will said shocked by the mere idea of taking one's life when his own family were taken so quickly.

"If you don't do it.. You are only harming yourself."

Will stood feeling the lead return to his legs he could almost feel his teeth aching to sink into her throat it was too much, Will stared back at Hannibal who nodded encouraging him. Hannibal sat the wine down without a moment passed Beverly came back into the room, her wrist was in pain.

"Mr. Graham, I think I'll go to bed early tonight." She sniffled, "have a nice evening." She turned on her heel to leave and the instinct inside Will snapped.

He grabbed onto her wrist with lighting speed, her body became paralysed with fear as she saw Will pushing her onto the table, her voice was much too weak to scream only a gurgled scream came as he latched his mouth around her throat taking in the sweet taste of her blood, Hannibal was right the taste of the blood made him feel like a new man, he couldn't feel the weak lead inside his legs anymore. Instead as Beverly's body was drained, Will grew stronger.

It came to end, one that Will did not want to end. With a shudder he saw her corpse lay still on the table. Hannibal stood behind pacing carefully.

"Put her with the others, now that she is dead...we can't stay here. Your home is plagued with death, soon enough authorities will come to investigate. It is a better tale to let the people of New Orleans to believe that William Graham went mad and committed suicide. It will be a mourning that the whole town shall feel." Hannibal coaxed Will, he dumped a glass of wine on Beverly's lifeless body.

Will ridden with guilt stared at Hannibal unable to speak almost, "how do you suggest that?"

"Burn it all, burn it all to the ground." Hannibal says holding a candle against Beverly's dress it caught on, spreading the flames around.

"Now Will we must escape-."

"To where?"

"To a new country- if you really want the world to believe you are dead, you go someplace else." Hannibal caressed his skin again, making Will's spine tingle.

As Will followed Hannibal out the door, the went unnoticed by the townspeople that gawked at the fire, Will took Hannibal's hand and didn't dare look behind.

"Hannibal why can't we go out in the sun?"

"Because William only the darkness guides us now."

Will felt them quickly gathering up speed, enough to run away from the past that was doomed to destroy Will entirely.

Abigail

Chapter Notes

> The next 2 chapters are going to be Freddie and Will in the present free, i just need to get the murder family's life on and yeah.

A few days past and Will has grown tired of being on a ship, only coming out during the night while Hannibal feasts on drunken men and women, Will can't fathom the idea of taking another life, it was Beverly's blood upon his hands, he refused to eat only making himself more hungry, as he stared into a broken mirror aboard the ship he saw a hallowed man with dark rings beneath his eyes, he missed the sunrise on his skin, he only looked forward to now darkness and Hannibal's touch.

He sniffled as Hannibal walked back into their cabin with two very intoxicated people one was a woman with her top half off, her makeup smeared across her face in a drunken haze she laughed at the sight of Will who was mindlessly staring at Hannibal for guidance.

The other was a man who wore a suit, he was more aware than the woman but no more less, he still had a sluggish look upon his face as he sat down, Hannibal threw the woman practically at Will, as he looked upon her on her neck were bite marks on her neck, a few leading to her breast line, he knew Hannibal held no romantic interest in her, just a pawn to the two. She reeked of scotch and her blood to Will for some reason smelt unpromising and full of disease.

"What's your name?" She asked chuckling not paying attention to Hannibal who was drinking the last of her friend, she elbowed Will when he didn't answer.

"I'm Will, who are you?" He said tensing up as her scent invaded his nostrils, even if she was impure his fangs still ached to bite upon her neck. He dug his nails into the palm of his hand awaiting for her to pass out or for Hannibal to finish her off.

"I'm Emily Hobbs, my family thought it would be good to move to France, I mean away from New Orleans my home! It's just myself my daughter and my husband, although...I wished we had stayed back home, the ship! It's no place for a family." She proclaimed, her wild blue eyes were becoming glassy, and Will finally figured out who her friend was, her husband who no longer looked alive.

"Do you mind? I need some fresh air." He lied easily as soon as the door hit behind him he heard a fierce snarl as Hannibal launched onto Emily, he cautiously walked onto the deck were only a few people were about enjoying the vastly dark sea they traveled on.

"What have I gotten myself into?" He muttered rubbing his face, the sea before him was calm, unlike himself that felt like lightning had struck him, he wondered if the girl's parents had simply left their daughter to defend for herself, he held onto the guardrail trying to picture such unfit parents agree to join Hannibal.

Feel ill, he stared out at the sea until his sight was blurred by a figure down below his deck, a girl that looked no older than seventeen, her hair dark as the night itself, she wore a nightgown with a frighten look upon her face, he watched her closely to see her shout furiously at the darkness.

He took the stairs two at a time to the young girl who was looking for someone, and Will had a gut feeling it was her parents, approaching her he realised how strong her scent was, he tried not to inhale, the burning fire in his throat was reignited.

"Are you okay miss-?" He says kindly as the girl turned frightened.

The first thing he noticed were her blue eyes, they were as vast and dark as the ocean itself, her teeth were chattering and as thin as her nightgown was she still was out looking for her parents, her neck was craned as she stood back.

Frightened and fragile. Will licked his lips as he thought of the simple pleasure of his mouth latching onto her neck, rather than turning around and returning to his cabin he held his ground, his eyes shifting to her bare feet, he felt awful about the poor girl's condition as he thought about it her parents didn't seem that rich, rather poor.

"I'm just looking for my parents, I haven't seen them all night and I'm starting to worry that they might be off drunk somewhere, I hope they aren't causing trouble." She says unsure, he realised that the girl was the mature one in her family, he could see her taking care of her family when they were sick and her working while they drank and became drunken.

Angered by this he grabbed ahold of the girl's arm, taking her into a empty room below the deck, it appeared the room was empty only a mop bucket to occupied the space, the girl hadn't dared to scream as Will felt his feverish hunger grow he watched her shake as she began to cry.

"What's your name?" He asked, trying to deny himself his animal instincts, his voice was losing hope as she sobbed on.

"A-Abigail Hob-bs." She choked out, her small figure a joke to Will, he grabbed onto her neck listening carefully to her pulse that was beating rapidly as he couldn't contain himself any longer, with a force unlike any other he bites into the girl's neck feeling the warm and wet blood trickle down Will's neck, and his hands feel slippery. He keeps trying to swallow but it’s squirting, and he should have just nicked the artery, he can hear the girls muffled gasps for pain, he lets go with every force he can measure seeing Abigail lean almost lifeless against the wall.

He fells himself become more aware, his senses enlighten on the mess before him.

He looks at his hands that were pale as the moonlight, covered in her blood. He feels like a monster as he checks her pulse to see it's still treading along, ashamed by his actions he grabs ahold of the young girl, hoping that he could still save her in the process.

A stark contrast against the bright red, slowly drying brown on his clothes. Eventually, he can hear a man approaching vastly, calling out her name, by the time they are at the broom closet Will is gone with Abigail.

He couldn't drain her of all of her blood, yet he couldn't let her die a painful death, he could show Hannibal what he had done, the mess he had created. In his arms Abigail groaned painfully, against his skin she was on fire.

There wasn't much time to lose.

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"Well William, this is a grand mess you have." Hannibal says wiping the girl's neck clean of blood, Will could barely stand himself, he had killed yet another. The girl's parents had been taken care of, the advantages of a ship were easy disposal for Hannibal, in the dim candlelight Will could already see the changes in Abigail, her hair was darker and more beautiful than before, her skin was a chalky white while her eyes were still closed Will knew that they would be beautiful and mysterious.

He bit down on his knuckle as Hannibal had performed the same charade he had done with Will, offering her his blood to live forever, Abigail had agreed reluctantly as he watched her change he felt a fondness for the girl.

"She's our responsibility now William, can't let loose a newborn vampire. Look what happen when you were gone for a hour, *you brought back a daughter* for us William instead of a meal." Hannibal twisted the rag he used in his hands smiling wryly, "this means when we find a home, she's now our daughter and we are her fathers."

Will's eyes widen at the last word, he had only in his life one child a son that died, and if Abigail were to die or become hurt in some possible way he could never forgive himself, he paced around the cabin.

"So we birthed a daughter into darkness? What life is that for her? You killed her parents!" Will shouted furiously, as Hannibal stood still taking Will's hand.

"You said it yourself, the girl was better off without her parents besides they were greedy, they offered to sell me Abigail as a servant anyway." Hannibal says reassuring Will who frowned.

"You knew I was going to find her, didn't you?" Will says quietly, "I found her to turn her into-."

"Your daughter, *our daughter*, would you rather have her as an orphan Will or with us? I am sure we could be positive

parents the girl never had, give her the love she deserves." Hannibal continued on, as he inched his fingers until they were on Will's shoulder stroking lightly.

"If it's for the best."

Hannibal interrupted Will by shoving him against the wall, he's eager as Will feels the spark throughout his body, he can feel Hannibal holding onto Will's neck for support as he kissed his lips tenderly, Will lets his fists drop at their sides letting himself enjoy himself for a moment, the kiss feels like nothing he's ever had with his wife.

Will works his lips that were shaking as Hannibal smirked beneath him, he lets out a sigh of relief when Hannibal runs his fingers gingerly across Will's arms making him shiver.

"I love you William." Hannibal says catching Will off guard, if he had enough blood in him he would blush letting himself feel as if he were drunk.

Behind them is Abigail's who's eyes flutter gently open to her new life and family, taking Hannibal's hand he prepares himself.

To show Abigail that a life isn't all darkness but was full of light.

Even those damned to darkness.

"Abigail, glad to see you're awake." Hannibal mused, and Will stood silently knowing in his heart he had damned her.

With no use at throwing a pity party for himself he looked at Abigail hoping she would in time forgive him.

People Lie all the Time

"Let us not make haste today dear father." Abigail says sweetly as she wiped her mouth, it had been a month since Hannibal, Will and their newfound daughter had found home in a small village of Italy, Will winced at the sight before him, two women with their bodies drained of blood and a young man laid nearly dead. Hannibal was pursuing the maid of the home who had hidden upon their arrival, Will himself didn't dare lay a hand on any of the victims he felt a remorse that was not in the likes of his fellow partner and his newly adopted daughter.

Will held his hand over his mouth since their arrival he had not drank another human's blood no matter how tempting the appeal of it's warm scent nor it's richness, he had survived on petty rats that roamed the streets and frequent visitors at their home.

"Come now William isn't the smell simply *luscious*?" Hannibal held up the frightened maid who was murmuring her last prayers, "you know you're not so innocent why don't you taste a little bite surely you won't look so weak and frail if you choose to do so." Hannibal casts a glance at Will, who stares down at his shoes.

"Hannibal, I will not harm another human being ever." He says sternly he brings his hand down on the book mantel smashing a shelf or two, Abigail cocks her head before laughing haughty.

"Suit yourself William, but believe it when I say this; no vampire survives feeding off rats." Hannibal whips back the maid's neck exposing her dark tinged throat, tanned from sunlight Will could see the pulsing veins dance beneath. In a moment her neck becomes snapped in Hannibal's grasp.

"I'm not hungry." He says tossing the body in Abigail's direction who in a frenzy bites into the dead woman's throat, Will feeling both sicken and hungry opens the back door fleeing into the night.

Hannibal holds himself against the wall as Abigail fed, before standing up with blood dripping down her chin staining her dark purple dress, Hannibal feeling like he had stepped into a parental role, wipes her mouth with a handkerchief, "it appears dear William has ran off, what a shame."

"Father, I'm still hungry." Abigail's voice is sweet to her father's ears, as he looks upon the fest it feels all too raw to him as he links his arm around Abigail's, they too take into the night itself.

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Freezing as he shivered in the dark alleyways of Italy he loathed the humans that slept while monsters were awake, feeding off the lone innocents of the city. He hears people of the night drunken men with their women at their sides crying out with laughter.

If he tried hard enough he could blend in with the humans, he hears a small rat run past him as he scopes it up biting into the warmth of it's flesh, he feels much like a child who dislike the taste of his vegetables and longed for a desert.

With Hannibal's haunting words, he tossed the rat corpse into the darkness, thinking of nothing more he walks down the alleyway, knowing he couldn't last much more with his frail body he coughs tasting the rats blood that did the trick for a moment.

Walking out the the alleyway he is blinded by the street lamps, casting a sickish glow upon his pale skin, deciding Hannibal and Abigail would soon come looking for him, he walks in the direction their current home was, a small cottage on the outskirts of town with enough forestry to cover their home in the daytime from light and sun and private enough no villagers would come poking their noses in.

The night became longer with each step that Will took, he saw less humans with each minute passing by, finally as he reached the end of the town, he was freezing and utterly more hungry than ever before.

Without a doubt he could smell blood, it was near him and to his surprise he saw a small child and his mother who was by the near looks of it on the verge of death.

Diseased ridden and upon their skin was scabs that oozed pus, the boy's eyes were ringed with circles beneath them his hygiene suggested he was in need of desperate bathing, Will looked away as the boy looked up to him.

On the street corner and freezing, the boy smiled in despite of everything, "Sir could you spare some change, kind sir? My mother and I are very ill." He coughed phlegm into his small balled up fist.

Will crouched down beside the child and his mother, the boy could of be five or even twelve much like his very own son, if his eyes deceived him it was almost his Molly and Ben again, he jumps back as the boy only laid back onto his mother, no longer resembling his old family.

He blinks in his sudden found frustration he latched onto the small frighten boy, he watches as his teeth sink into the boy's throat, the blood wasn't fresh as fresh as he wished it to be, the blood tasted tainted and filled with disease he could feel it in his fingertips his strength return slowly to his body, as he opened his eyes the boy's body had become limp and at a second glance he snapped his neck too in the process.

He felt wronged and completed as he stood finding the feeling returning to his feet, he wipes his mouth ridden with guilt he runs away from the scene, in his eyes mudded yet a familiar memory he saw Ben and Molly.

In a cruel sense each life he took caused him to forget his human life, and the less blood he drank the more he saw his dead family.

"Nicely done William, a poor diseased boy. I offered to you a healthy rich blood source and you go after the poor and diseased." Hannibal was there on the corner, with the sun rising slowly, Will knew he didn't have long until they both burnt to a crisp.

Alas it was a new dawn and it was time for the monsters to hide again until dusk came reminding them both, Will if his heart beat still he would be frightened by Hannibal's sudden appearance; in his human life he would of fainted.

In his impartial afterlife he was discouraged by being frightened.

"He was bound to die, isn't it better he went quickly and unsaid?" Will calls out and it sounds like a fruitless effort as Hannibal only clicks his tongue, walking closer to Will, he stroked his face, bringing them until they are face to face.

"You must kill to live William, you can not deny yourself forbidden fruits of nature, now can we?" Hannibal runs his hands gently down Will's back, as he finds Will's neck he holds him steady finding his lips he kissed the blood stained lips, with a grimace.

"I took a life."

"A life that was bound to die, sooner or later."

Will feels a repulsion as he takes Hannibal's hand, wondering how he could allow himself to take one more life, he needed to live, he was loved by his creator and had a daughter and with his wits returning he held onto the one fact that haunted him still

'You can't strive to survive on animal blood, it must be human.' He shook hearing Hannibal's voice in his mind.

He couldn't escape it even for a moment, monster.

/ /

"Stop. You aren't recording that are you?" Will grabs onto the tape recorder Freddie held, glancing at it once he smashed it in one grip, leaving Freddie with their first tape.

"Wait! Why did you do that?" Freddie cried out taking the smashed tape back, Will himself looked satisfied. He sipped his tea, as if nothing had happened.

She had wrote nothing of their session, making her only more furious. If she had not been so cocky about their meeting, she excused herself to the bathroom as she dialled her editor's phone number, finding her phone was not in service range.

"God damn it all." She shoved the phone back into her purse, as she looked out the dark skyline of the city she felt watched, she shrugs it off as she leaves the bathroom, Will is no longer in the chair from across her.

In fact he was nowhere, as she sat down, she begin to write down any recollection of their interview finding it more difficult to remember, she tapped her pen against the notepad, putting her legal pad back into her purse, she screams almost as Will is back in front of her holding onto a new mug and looking much more refreshed, his cheeks despite his pale tinge were flushed and his mouth was a lazy grin.

"Sorry about that Miss Lounds, but if I recall I requested you only recorded certain parts and wrote the rest, it's a odd request but I just gave you details to a murder and I was still a young man when I committed it, my how time flies." He lets out a low yawn, and Freddie is taken aback, she found it harder to remember each time Will told her a story.

She still held onto the first tape praying Will could not tell if she lied or not, "it's fine. Now Will, I hate to do this but we must speed up the interview it's already one am, I have a few appointments tomorrow and a few out of state ones that require me to be a bit rude." She adds quickly, grabbing onto the mug of coffee Will hands her, bitter and plain she doesn't complain as the taste burns her mouth.

Will sits back, his boyish charm is composed. "I'll skip some gory details and get to the part you are dying to know."

Freddie frowns, setting her pad out once more she clicked her pen, "and what is that?"

"If my family is still alive and of course my diet, it's polite you didn't go for the most easily answered questions." Will says cocking his head, his eyes are dancing behind his pupils, as he sees to share a joke with himself that Freddie could not understand.

"What is your diet?"

"Animal blood, *mostly*." He murmurs, making Freddie sightly afraid.

"Define mostly." She challenged, trying to remember any self defence classes she took in college, none returning besides screaming and kicking.

"Now isn't the time for that answer, lets skip to question two."

"Is your family alive?" She finds the words odd.

"One of them is indeed alive, and is a frequent visitor of my home."

Freddie feels herself become frozen, she watched in the corner of her eye Will look out the dark window once again sharing a joke with only himself.

Freddie no longer felt safe indeed.

Family

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will stared back at the ground without a doubt in Freddie's mind the interview was over, and as she shudders thinking how she could reframe herself from running out the front door, as she placed her remaining evidence of her evening with Mr. Graham a curious thought enters her much like a child opening a Christmas gift without permission.

"Will, you certainly must be lonely. You said one of your family members was alive, now stop me unless if I may explore the charming ending of this interesting night." Freddie says effortlessly, she feels odd as Will continued to remain silent.

Will surprisingly stands up, removing his sweater his skin was a paper white, almost transparent to the naked eye. On the pale skin remained a ugly scar, faded but still outstood. His stomach contained a frail reminder. *Not all scars heal*.

"Foolish I was young, and Hannibal was no better. It started the evening I tried to seek out our *kind*." Will says dragging a finger across his skin, as Freddie studies his facial expressions she quickly avoids his eyes.

"She did not have to die." Will says lost in thought, he placed his shirt back on, he seems motionless almost.

Freddie nods, pressing her fingers down into the armrest, she can hear the clock ticking pacing faster, as her heart is.

She has her last golden scope, and as she thinks about it. Will seemed to reinvent himself as time worn on, she could see.herself 30 years from now still youthful still writing while her colleagues aged and died off Freddie would remain, unchanged.

Greedily, she smiled to herself only knowing her true intentions.

/ /

Before Will was a experience that he would not wish upon his worse enemy, the irony of it all was Hannibal was both his lover and the one he was designed to be with.

Abigail his daughter was hurling dolls that her father's had gathered for her in the past 50 plus years at her wall, she was screaming but to Will it sounded as if a goddess was howling in pain, finally she stopped looking at the dolls that were smashed or glaring at her with their China doll eyes accusing her.

"I want to be older, I am tired of being a child." She says flatly all emotion drained and as she says this she takes a pair of scissors grining like a mad woman, she cuts off the dark beautiful

chestnut hair, until satisfied she stands looking up at a mirror she sees her hair was already in the process of growing back.

Screaming, she throws the scissors at the mirror, "who made me this way who? *Which one of you*." Her voice is cold, her blue icy eyes focus on Will who remained unmoved by Abigail's outburst.

She's just a child. He reminded himself, as he feels once more ashamed by his selfish greedy actions.

As Abigail weeps helplessnessly, Will couldn't look away, "it was myself. I *changed you*." He says wishing he could soothe his daughter to find the one that harmed her, much like a deck of cards, his lies had fallen apart.

Abigail sniffles wiping her nose on her sleeve, "why me?"

Will was overwhelmed, he shrugs grasping at the concerns Abigail felt, she would never grow old deprived of friends and having only two fellow vampires as her father figures was in Will's view rather depressing.

"Abigail I wish I knew the answer, but I do know this.." He paused reaching for her pale cold hand.

She looks up at him once more, "What is that?"

He chuckled, "you are my daughter and I wouldn't trade you for anything else in the world, and Hannibal feels the same." He says simply, and Abigail laughs which sounds like bells to Will.

/ /

"A what?" Will shouts over the crippling screams of the fresh blood that night, a couple that had foolishly insulted Hannibal earlier that day which came to their surprise when Hannibal managed to find their home.

"A companion for Abigail, she seems rather depressed lately." Hannibal snapped Mr. Brown's neck leaving nothing but the scent of blood and a faint hint of urine.

"Repulsive humans." Will reminds himself as he drops the corpse of Mrs. Brown. Their blood was full of parasites and as Will thought about it Abigail could take them her companion wherever she pleased it wasn't enough to fill the void of being a child in a mind that has since long progressed.

"And my dear William, I believe I know of the perfect match for Abigail." Hannibal's chin drips with blood, without missing a beat Will latched his lips upon Hannibal's very own.

He felt his insides tingle, almost floating on air as he could taste the blood upon his lover's lips and not only that. He feels Hannibal pull on his hair lightly, his hands intertwined with the darkness of Will's hair.

"I love you." Will says almost breathless as he pulled away from Hannibal, in his response Hannibal nods, hearing the words he had waited almost a century, and now he could feel everything fall in it's own place.

/ /

"Her name-." Hannibal sweeps a lock of loose hair away from his face, it had been two days but finally he found the woman that he had seeked out, her skin appeared a odd pale color, she held a motherly charm, although.her eyes were shut tightly, Will thought she was beautiful.

He wondered how the woman reacted tpwards Hannibal. Had she prayed for a quick death, had she too been fooled by the man's charms? Did she become ill and require the doctor's help.

As the thoughts swing back and forth in Will's mind he bites the bullet, not daring himself to ask how Hannibal found the woman, it was at times better not knowing.

"As I was saying her name is Alana Bloom, she was a student of mine, couldn't let her tumor in her stomach consume her whole. Her mind is too far gifted to be wasted, she is going to be a fine mother for our daughter." Hannibal covers the sleeping woman who stirred in her sleep.

Will raised his eyebrows, wondering how Hannibal knew of a tumor. "The tumor how.-"

"Gifts that were presented when I was a child, I have held a keen sense of smell and it has only grown since upon it's discovery." Hannibal mused, he smiled creating a sense that Will was not in on the private joke.

No matter, as Will felt Hannibal's cool hand link with his own he looks up to see the sun was once more rising telling the two to hide away once more.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for a late update, theres a major death in the next final chapters thanks for the support and hanging on. Xo

Past, Present & Future

Chapter Notes

> Sorry this is the end, i had a good run with this fic. And i couldn't bring myself to write 7 chapters. Enjoy. Feedback??

Will stops shortly, something was not right. It had been nearly two years since Abigail departed from her two fathers, and despite everything he felt a instinct inside him to drop everything at once, to go to Abigail's side.

In a nervous wreck he scrawled a quick note to Hannibal, upon his return from his hunt in the larger city, when Will heard last from his daughter she was with Alana in New York.

Abigail his daughter, his mind raced. He did not want to loose her as he lost his own son. A warning sign was going off, directing Will that Abigail was in danger.

He raced down the street to hail a cab, he was willing to pay any price, with his hands slick with sweat he nearly tossed the money at the cab driver, who in Will's unpleasant view was a slow delicate driver.

Biting down on his knuckle until it turned bone white, he watched the scenery change from the calm small town of Wolf Trap, to a large train station. Mumbling a gratuitous deal of thanks he leaves the cab in a hurry he runs to the train station not.even thinking he forks over another wad of cash guaranteed he would catch the first train that was bound for New York.

Will had an hour to kill, an hour too long. He walks aimlessly around the station reading the same newspapers that were dated three weeks old, he memorized the wall's pattern then he memorized the ticks of the clock, breathing slowly he sees only one man and the man himself appeared to be blind only a sleeping German shepherd guided him, the man seemed harmless.

Will sat down the well worn out newspaper feeling unimportant he rubs his face, the clock had perhaps 15 mere minutes to go, he taps his foot impairment to the man noticing Will's erratic behavior.

"Something bothering you mister?" He grunts, sitting up. "Name's Matthew Brown, my dog Sapphire and I were going to embark on a trip to New York." He speaks casually as if he's known Will for years and the two were sitting down for drinks.

Will scoffs, wondering how a blind man could ever survive in a city large as New York, with nothing but a simple mutt to guide him.

He licks his lips, was that *christ* jealously he felt that was enmeshed inside him? How could he Will Graham be jealous of a mere mortal without the gift of sight, he was immortal he was

above all foolish human beings, yet he was somehow conflicted with the simplicity of Matthew Brown.

He inhales deeply letting a exhausted sigh out, "you could say I'm having some family trouble..." He says in the simplest way, as he does Matthew nods.

"Not to be rude, but how did you loose your sight?" Will points out at the darkened glasses the man wore, who laughed gently.

Will hoped he had not offended the man, to his surprise he removed the glasses to reveal two bright glassy blue eyes that seemed filled both with sadness and bitterness, despite his mouth was smiling.

"I lost my sight when I was a child, I try not to let it control my life. Although it holds myself back from many things, I still travel. I found love, and New York is where I got a chance. I am not afraid of anything." Matthew placed the glasses back upon his eyes, "well nice to meet you mister-?"

"Mr. Graham." He says flatly, he watches Matthew nod, before mumbling beneath his breath, "c'mon Sapphire, the train is almost here."

Matthew walked towards the train's where he waited with Sapphire loyal and true waiting by her masters feet.

Will sat unmoving, was it true. Had he lost his grip on himself and humanity in his quest to please Hannibal? To show he felt no emotional connection with anyone, he scoffs at the idea.

Exactly as he hoped, Matthew took no notice of Will mumbling like a madman beneath his breath. "Take Abigail, take her away from-." *From what?*

"The monsters." He answered himself, as he did the train arrived in sync, he climbs abroad ignoring the window seat, he pulls the shutter down blocking out the dawn that was appearing to rise, he is jealous of Matthew's bliss. As he settles into his cabin he closes his eyes, and is asleep by the time the train is pulling away.

/ /

Will is faced with two dilemmas, it is daylight and the train is emptied of attendants, he realises with each moment he sat waiting for night, Abigail was in grave danger, facing a cowardous decision he stands up pulling the curtain back to reveal the treacherous sunlight, he glared at it. It was a bitterness he represented for years, he missed the sun.

Will counts to ten in his head, before doing one of the most foolish things possible a vampire could do, he lets the curtain go exposing the warm sunlight upon his pale transparent hand, he expected fire a burning sensation to send him sprawling on the floor.

He blinks, and nothing happens, cautiously he rolled his jacket sleeve up to see the sun did no more damage to him, he recoiled his arm with his mind feverishly going over what Hannibal had explained fruitlessly again and again.

"Lies, he lied to me." Will whispered to himself, "Hannibal, lied."

As he leaves the train, he expected the sun at once to burn him to a crisp on sight, nothing happened he lets out a cry as from afar could be seen as a madman or in a simple term Sapphire was licking Will's hand.

He smiles, enjoying the warmth of the dog who seemed unturned by her owner's efforts to call her back, finally afraid that Matthew would wander off into the city, he grabbed her leash walking her towards Matthew whom held a frightened expression.

"Matthew, she is right here." Will says softly, and as Matthew reached for her leash, Will realises the man's hands were on top of his own, and to his previous experiences people were stunned by Will's cold body temperate, instead Matthew was only concerned for his dog solely.

"Thank you, Mr. Graham...you are a saint." He smiled, beckoning Sapphire closely behind.

As the bright October sunlight glared onto Will's back, he feels no difference. He sees people wave at him, he embarks towards the street to hail a cab, knowing deeply inside he could pass being human.

"Quite a human suit you wear." He remarked, answering his own delusions, "human on the outside.. enough."

And new knowledge flowed inside him, and Hannibal's lies were the connection he had been so blindly to see.

/ /

Upon arrival, he had much suspected that Abigail would perhaps return to Will, to admit she had killed her companion, she was after all quite young and still yearning to learn the ways of the vampires, who in turn learned of Abigail's bloodshed murdering that was not settling well with the council, threatened with exposure and the other local vampires themselves demanding that something should be called for, and Hannibal was well prepared.

Instead to his amusement, Will had left their humble home to save Abigail, simply he would find only Abigail's corpse after he was through.

Ticking, he couldn't have the council hunt down Abigail, because of rebellious vampires such as herself were not only killed, *their creators* were as well, Hannibal was old enough and had only turned two humans in his lifetimes, one being Will while Alana was sadly no longer of usage.

The council would seek out Will as well, murdering him for a crime he had not even committed. "Dear Will."

Hannibal was sure Will would not arrive until nightfall giving him enough time to face Abigail and end her short life, the thought of murdering his daughter did not even make him

think twice, he sat in the chair beside Abigail's bed, he watches the clock ticking, it was enough to drive any man insane.

As another twenty minutes pass, he watched the room become darken, and as it does Abigail's eyes open, smiling crudely he claps a hand over her mouth.

"Don't fight Abigail, you're just going to make this worse on yourself, do as I say and this will go smoothly." Hannibal says lowering Abigail on her bed, the girl looked feverish, and childish, she held no contrast.

"I am aware of your activity, you killed Alana, may I ask why?" Hannibal speaks calmly, "you tell-,"

"She got in the way." Abigail says, her voice startled, as if she had not spoken in weeks, "after that it got out of hand."

He frowns, not understanding how one lone girl could cause so much trouble. "How did it go this?"

"I lost control."

He nods, "if only Abigail we could start again, time I am afraid to say is not on our side." He watches the frightened girl, look much like a fragment that was falling to pieces.

She moves against her headboard, resting her feet beneath her, as if it would be enough to protect her from her fate.

"W-what are you going to do?" She chokes, her tears escaping. "Where is Will?"

"Will shall not be harmed by your mistakes, his name shall not be dragged futher in mud. I love him too much, I will not lose him now." He cups his daughter's chin, "I am sorry Abigail."

As the clock ticked, only the noises of Abigail's muffled crying were the signs anything was occurring.

/ /

Will knew something was wrong, as he stepped inside the home he couldn't make the shapes out of the people that seemed to know him, he stepped back running outside he tried to run, only one of the group grabbed ahold of him, dragging him once more inside the home.

"Where is Abigail?" He spat out at the man who shoved him into a chair, the home itself was lifeless, no signs of Alana or Abigail.

"Silence, you are Abigail's creator? Yes?" The man's voice was angered not anything new to Will, after a moment he realised that these were vampires, of perhaps a higher power that were demanding of Abigail's whereabouts.

Will breathed slowly, with sweat sticking to his forehead, "yes I am."

One whispers to another, before nodding. "It appears Will, your appearance surfaced on a visit, to your daughter's and her companion. Who a month ago was declared dead by the hands of Miss Hobbs."

Will stops cold, his blood pounding in his ears, "what?"

"Are you deaf? She killed the Alana woman and since has been on rampant slaughter." The hoarse voice turned away. Leaving the darkened room.

"What do you want with me?" He challenged, he couldn't sit here while Abigail was out there frightened and on the run from what appeared to be vampires that wanted her *dead*.

They did not answer Will instead they dragged out a man who in even the shawdows was strikingly familiar, with his muscles flexing beneath his suit, he wore a crude expression with his dark red eyes glowing in the darkness, as Will saw with clarity the monster he believed and love for so many years was now holding a knife, his eyes filled with sadness as he was directed to Will.

"Why are you here? Where is Abigail?" Will stammered, "where is she!?" He screamed at the group, that stared back, unmoved.

"We found him here, it seems that he was trying to conceal evidence of Abigail's crimes, no matter. We have decided with Abigail presumably dead or gone that *you her creator* shall be punished so nothing happens like this again." The man with a uneven voice spoke, he nods at Hannibal who moves close enough to Will until their faces almost touch.

The room becomes an audience, the group stands still, as if Will was going to miss his greatest performance, the silence was deafening. "You lied to me." Was all Will could say, the audience does not gasp, it is silent.

Hannibal moved the knife dragging it across Will's shirt, he could not bring himself to drag it into the flesh of his lover's. "Lied about what?"

Will chuckled darkly, "we can *go in the sunlight* but yet we damn ourselves like creatures of the night, why. What else have you lied about, did you kill *Abigail?*"

Hannibal caressed Will's cheek, dragging one finger until he found his lips, he sighed, "I only lied to protect us, you, Abigail and I."

"Lies, all those-." Will stops as Hannibal brought his lips down on Will's own, he could feel him shake beneath his grip, Will was almost unaware of the knife that was dragged through his stomach, he cried out as the knife felt like hot acid, the blood spilled out on the floor, during throughout the play the audience grunts in agreement as the knife is ripped out, Will falls forward slipping into his own blood and Hannibal stands with his own tears slipping.

"I am sorry Will."

Will sees the world before him spin, he can't tell how much time passes, the group leaves satisfied with the results, there would not be an encore.

Hannibal grabs Will in one effortlessly attempt, taking him back to Abigail's bed, Will is experiencing hallucinations as he sees not only Hannibal before him, but Molly and Ben as well, then their sprint's seemed no longer friendly as they once did when Will lost them, he screams in pain as Hannibal sedates Will, as he tried to repair the damages he caused.

Within the hours the day is anew again, with dawn grew closer. He swam in and out of his subconscious seeing at last with a lead taste in his mouth that Hannibal had fallen asleep, with his arms wrapped around him, shuddering Will released himself, awakening Hannibal immediately.

"Good morning."

Will scoffed, "there is no longer a good morning, I believe after today we go our separate ways."

"Will, how long shall this last?" Hannibal said hurt, "I love you."

Will ran his fingers across his wound that was in the hideous process of healing, "I do not know, perhaps until I can trust you." He is quiet.

With that Hannibal cups Will's face bringing them to a painful long kiss, Will can recall the way Hannibal tasted, he could remember the way Hannibal left right after it leaving him alone.

Will was alone, until he found a way to reunite the two, a simple tabloid reporter a stage that was set much higher than that fateful October.

As everything came full circle, he sat before Freddie Lounds, while in the next room listening to every word.

"Thats my story." Will concluded, he stands yawning, "but Miss Lounds before you go...there is someone I would like you to meet."

Freddie, opens her mouth to protest, as she did she felt her knees give out before her, the man Will had described was before her, looking stunning and as Freddie backpeddled sitting once more, she feels faint.

"Hello Miss Lounds, I am Dr. Lecter, so nice that you are willing to publish Will's story." He shakes her hand, which felt limp in his strong cold grasp.

"It was nice to meet you both, I have to-." She stumbled for the door shaking as she turned the knob.

Will had not lied, he was a vampire and as was Hannibal.

Simply Freddie ran down the stairs, climbing two at a time, until she found her car, thankful she had everything to crack this case wide open, it would sell more copies than.the *New York Times*.

As she started her car, and was halfway to the highway, she finds her phone has signal at last. With it being six in the morning, she dialed her editor's number laughing hysterically.

"Vampires, what a fucking joke." She assured herself.

As she laughed, she felt a coldness in the car she had not felt before, she looks in her mirror to see a small fragile girl sitting in the back seat, she wore jeans, a sweater and her hair was dark, as Freddie had no time to react she watched as the girl reached over grabbing Freddie, dragging her into the back seat, before bringing her razor sharped teeth down on her throat, Freddie screamed in pain as her skin felt on fire.

"Hello, I am Abigail Hobbs. I am sure you heard my father's tale, but you have *not heard my side*." Abigail's blue eyes flash to the steering wheel as she takes control, "jeez Freddie who taught you to drive?" Abigail laughs, with her differences between her fathers and herself that Freddie could see was that she clearly was the insane one and had a story.

But as Freddie couldn't find the right words to say, only if she had known.

"Try and keep up, because I think you and I are going to be friends." Abigail laughs again and Freddie couldn't help but laugh alongside.

/ /

"I believe that should hold Abigail for quite sometime." Hannibal managed to peck Will on the cheek as they cleaned that evening from.their meal, "she won't bother us for awhile now that she has a reporter to toy with."

"She learned from the best." Will says, frowning at the blood still on Hannibal's face.

"You got some-."

Will reached to wipe the blood off, only for Hannibal to wrap his hands around Will's waist bringing him close, "I love you." Will says, he feels his cheeks burn.

Hannibal pressed his lips upon Will's own. Not shivering from the coldness, he can feel the tip of Will's glasses slide down intruding their kiss.

Will laughs placing the glasses aside as the two, hold onto each other longer, wondering how they could ever live apart.

In conclusion they both decided that, the should not be apart again, they held all the time meanwhile in the world, and it did not bother them the time they had missed only made their non-beating hearts grow fondly.

"I missed you Will."

Will blushed, feeling as if they had met again. "Shut up and kiss me."

End

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!